

THE WORLD.

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The average circulation of the Evening Edition of THE WORLD for the months of March and April, 1888, was 103,714 Copies per Day.

THE TRIUMPH OF AN IDEA.

The record of the five years' progress of THE WORLD under its present proprietor, as printed in the Anniversary number this morning, is a wonderful story.

To the mind of the Editor it "marks the triumph of an idea"—the principle proclaimed by him five years ago, that "the greatest mission of the press consists not in mere news-gathering, but in rendering public service."

That THE WORLD has been true to this idea the record of its achievements proves. No such list of deeds actually accomplished in the public interest was ever before credited to a newspaper.

In giving to the people the honor of making this journal what it is—the leading newspaper of the world—the indisputable of public favor is simply recognized.

To merit a continuance of this moral support by better service and greater triumphs on the same line of endeavor, shall be our constant ambition.

A NOBLE TRIBUTE.

Col. INGRAM'S eulogy upon Roscoe Conkling was worthy of both these remarkable men and of the great occasion.

Higher praise could not be given. Less praise would fall short of the truth.

A more penetrating, just and brave analysis of a dead statesman's character and traits was never given. The oration is as felicitous in form as it is high in the quality of its thought.

Col. INGRAM is one of the few orators who can be eloquent in epigrams. His eulogy sparkles with crystallized thoughts and glows with the fervor of an honest friendship.

The life was not a failure that deserved and evoked such a noble tribute.

TO EXTEND THE HOLIDAY.

Not that the legal half holiday on Saturday is saved, the next thing to do is to extend its operations and make it real as well as legal.

As one means to this end the people, and especially the ladies, should be urged not to go shopping on Saturday afternoon. It is just as easy to omit purchases at this time as it is on Sunday, when once the habit is formed.

The stores will not generally close so long as the wives and daughters of working people throng them on Saturday afternoon.

To the suggestion of a boycott on the places that keep open, too emphatic a negative cannot be given. No good cause can be advanced by this weapon. Get public sentiment and the popular custom right, and all unnecessary work will cease on Saturday afternoon.

"THIRD-HOUSE" LEGISLATION.

It is the lobby that is now legislating at Albany.

Our correspondent's account of the shameless and unrepresented activity of the boodle dispensers at the Capitol makes one blush for the honor of the Empire State.

This saturnalia of corruption was invited when the Assembly made a force of the "helps investigation" and the Senate refused to sustain THE WORLD's war upon the lobby while this session lasts.

The people of the State of New York must expect to be robbed, swindled and misgoverned until they take greater pains in the selection of their legislative servants.

Another notorious criminal goes free through the breakdown of the prosecution and "Dutch Hamox" is at liberty to resume his vocation as a thief and burglar. It is now in order for the apologetes for the District-Attorney to blame Judge Covino again.

Gen. NEWTON is "greatly astonished" at the revelations made in THE WORLD as to the record of Inspector LAVELLE. It isn't the first time that THE WORLD's electric light has illuminated dark corners in public works.

Again the police come to the front as life-savers. Sergt. O'BRIEN earns the medal this time by his daring rescue of a woman from a burning tenement this morning.

If LITTLEWOOD can "stoke up" enough to beat the record, and stand the pressure to the end, he can win glory as well as a good pot of money.

Again Friday proves not to be an unlucky day. To-morrow will see the last of the State Legislature.

SPRING GARDEN PRODUCTS.

Cauliflower, 80 cents.
Parsley, 5 cents a bunch.
Asparagus, 10 to 15 cents.
Cucumbers, 10 cents each.
Tomatoes, 30 cents a quart.
Lettuce, 50 cents a pound.
New beets, 10 cents a dozen.
Radishes, three cents a bunch.
Green peas, 50 cents a half peck.
Lettuce, three heads for 10 cents.
Florida grape fruit, \$1 per dozen.
Soft-shell crabs, \$1.50 to \$2 a dozen.
Strawberries, 10 to 15 cents a quart.
Blood oranges, 40 to 50 cents; Jamaica, 30 to 75 cents a dozen.
Florida scallions.

STUDIOUS BROOKLYNITES.

C. C. Adams pores over political volumes.
Dr. Cuyler alternates on biographical and travel.
Edward P. Thwing, though an M. D. and D. D., finds time to read a great deal.
Mrs. J. S. Strassman dines on fine art subjects and profits well by them.
Joseph M. Pray is a great reader, but does not confine himself to any special line.
Capt. Hooker, retired naval officer, is passionately fond of genealogical literature.

W. E. Cotton reads and re-reads any work pertaining to the manufacture of violins.
William Judge, an editor of a Theosophical magazine, reads everything pertaining to his belief.
Chester P. Dewey, of the American Agriculturalist, would hardly be expected to devote much time to fiction, but he does, and enjoys it, too.

Geo. E. Van Nostrand, of the Post-Office, evidently aims high, as he is always reading some book on political economy or the science of government.

W. A. Bardwell, although as Librarian of the Brooklyn Public Library, has very little time for reading, knows about all the books published and manages to get a good idea of their contents.

Miss Alice L. Green, of Grammar School No. 15, is one of the most studious of the class which will graduate next month. When she cannot answer a question the whole class is surprised.

HEARD ABOUT TOWN.

Thomas J. Conroy enjoys the warm weather. He says it brings tears.

Kershaw Crother has supplied daily papers since the papers were first established.

Officer Albert Westcott, the handsome man of the Oak street station, is twisted by an attack of rheumatism.

Clark Balcom, known as the "Punchy Man of Fulton Market," is the owner of a handsome Manchester.

John H. Russell, the Fulton street newsdealer, has branched out as an inventor. Fountain pens are on his brain.

City Marshal Levy is a dapper-looking little man who is often seen parading Broadway dressed in a natty suit of dark blue.

What Ed Thorpe, the foreman of the New York News Company doesn't know about handling daily papers isn't worth knowing.

Charlie Follett is a big man in a medical publishing house uptown. He has ample opportunity to illustrate his ability as a lightning calculator.

Bruno Rocks is the owner of a flowing sandy beard. Civil Justice Norton calls him his "interrupter." Bruno speaks many languages, including Chinese and Fijian.

"Screacher" Titus, center-field of the Washington baseball nine, is positive that his team will win the Amateur League championship. It will if "Screacher's" melodious voice is in as good force as it was last year.

WORLDLINGS.

The popular sizes of shoes worn by the Chicago girls are said to be five and seven.

One of the biggest fish ever seen in Florida was a tarpon caught at Punta Gorda not long ago. It measured nine feet three inches in length and weighed 383 pounds.

A well-read man of fair ability is said to use from 4,000 to 7,000 words, and to be able to define and understand from 25,000 to 30,000. Shakespeare's vocabulary contained about 15,000 words.

One of the most popular ladies in the social life of Washington is Miss Georgia Harmon, the wife of Commodore Harmon. Her father is the heroic Capt. John McDowall, who commanded the steamer Star of the West when fired at by the Confederate batteries in the harbor of Charleston in 1861. She was married to Lieut. Harmon in 1900.

A Chicago insurance agent says that several of the large dry-goods houses of that city have each a special employee who does nothing but attend to their insurance. And it keeps him busy, too, for the average line of insurance carried by one company on any one risk is \$5,000, while many of the dry-goods firms have an insurance of \$1,000,000 or over.

Ezekiel E. Smith, who has been appointed Minister to Liberia by President Cleveland, is a person of influence and importance among the negroes of North Carolina. He is thirty-six years old, was born a slave and has an excellent education, which was obtained in spite of many difficulties. He has received the degree of Master of Arts from Shaw University.

Eva Wentz, a little Baltimore girl, whose birthday falls on the same day of the year as that of William Pitt, wrote him a letter of congratulation on his last anniversary. She has received an autograph reply, in which the great Chancellor says: "For your friendly congratulation on the occasion of my birthday I return my sincere thanks, Von Bismarck."

Anthony J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, who is considered the richest banker in the United States is a man of extraordinary modesty, and is rarely seen in public places. He is a man of medium size, with dark eyes, who is brilliant when he speaks. During his long career he has been as hard on his clerks, and has of his employees are better dressed than he is.

From Morning Train and Boat.
At the Albany: H. S. Van Sanford, of Albany.
At the Astor House: Fred. J. Myers, of Covington, Ky.; and D. B. Martin, of New Haven.

Breakfasted at the Brunswick this morning: Arthur M. Perkins and J. O. Dupuis, of Montreal.
The St. James's room record shows the names of: C. Alden, of Ohio, and Wm. Stittell, of St. Paul, of Boston.

Fifth Avenue frequenters include C. H. Call, of Marquette, Mich.; and James G. Forsyth, of Buffalo.

C. C. Corbin, Bank President, of Webster, Mass., and J. E. French, who is claimed by Cleveland, are at the Windsor today.

L. H. Brazier, of Detroit, and F. V. Rutledge, of Pittsburgh, had the dust of travel brushed off at the Sturtevant House this morning.

The latecoming of the Hoffman House was pulled this morning by A. C. Tyner, of Washington, and C. A. Campbell, of Boston.

James Barton and wife, of Superior, Wis., and Wm. Lusk, Thomas, of the United States Engineer, from New York, are at the Grand Hotel.

Putting up at the Hotel Dan are D. W. Getchell, of Newburgh; S. E. Cole, of Allentown, and J. B. Brown, of Philadelphia.

Registered at the Union Square Hotel are J. A. Drasol, of Erie, Pa.; A. H. Woods, of Boston; M. A. Pavlenko, of Chicago, and E. W. Thompson, of Boston.

E. F. Dodge, of St. Paul, and Dr. Geo. Ben Johnston, of Richmond, Va., will try the attractions of the metropolis for the next few days. They are at the Glenside.

Stopping at the Morton House are W. H. Peck, of Providence; P. H. Astin, of Baltimore; A. N. Brainerd, of Boston; E. L. Brainerd, of Hartford; and J. F. Simmons, of New Haven.

THE BABY'S RESCUE.

A Thrilling Experience.

By THOMAS LALLY,

Chief of Fifth Battalion, F. D. N. Y.

CONCLUDED.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)



HE small man rushed up to him.
"Oh, come mit me oop to mein room," he said, supplicatingly, to the Chief.
"Where is your room?"
"Ze fourth story. I must go to mein room," he answered excitedly.

"What have you got in your room?"
"My baby is in mein room and she will turn all oop. Come mit me there."

The Chief hurried to the entrance and went running up the stairs. The small man kept close to his heels. When they reached the floor the man showed the Chief his room and they rushed in.

"Where is the baby?"
"Oh, mein Gott! I do not know," replied the man.

The room was pretty full of smoke. The man ran over to a bureau and pulled out one of the drawers. People in fires do such strange things that it did not seem improbable that he was looking in the large bureau drawers for his baby. But the chief did not depend on him much for help. This was his room and the baby must be somewhere. It would not take very long to look about. The Chief made for the bed. The baby was not there.

Mayor Hewitt's motion to strike out the insulting part of the minutes was voted down. Then Commissioner Gibbons moved that Mayor Hewitt's reasons and the letters of the young Commissioner be read upon the minutes.

Mayor Hewitt objected to the entire proceedings. He was evidently very angry and exclaimed: "This is a deliberate insult levelled at me and the Mayor will not after decline to attend further meetings of this Board. The Mayor knows no law that will compel him, in the discharge of his duty, to act with officials who have no instructions of gentlemen."

Mayor Hewitt arose from his seat at the table and walked to his desk.
"I object to what you have said," remarked Commissioner Gibbons. "I think I have as much of the instincts of a gentleman as you have."

Mayor Hewitt was the next minute looking over some letters at his desk and Commissioner Gibbons, Gibbons and Moss went on with the business before them.

WILLEY'S MACHINE CAUSED HIS DEATH.
Fatal Accident to an Inventor at the Quincy House, Boston, To-Day.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)
BOSTON, May 10.—T. Willey, aged twenty-six years, editor and publisher of the Weekly Constructor and Baker, with an office at No. 6 Harrison street, New York, met with a terrible accident at his workshop in this city this afternoon. He will probably die within a few hours.

Willey invented a safety balcony to be used when cleaning windows. This afternoon he was on a four-story window at the Quincy House and proceeded to give an exhibition of his machine. Naturally quite a crowd gathered in the court below.

Having done some things upon the machine, he was about to descend, but he was further to show that jumping upon it with the chains unhooked, it could not be dislodged. Unfortunately, he was not quite so sure, and the young man was precipitated to the ground.

His body first struck the awning over the door, and then he fell to the ground. He was picked up, taken to room 4 and Dr. Cilly summoned. The physician pronounced the victim dead at once, and an ambulance and he was taken to the City Hospital.

But it seemed too bad to desert the helpless little baby who was somewhere in the midst of the conflagration. To leave it was to permit its destruction, and its young life would be sacrificed. That would be sad.

But at last, after he had been over the whole room and the adjoining one without having found so much as a trace of the unfortunate baby, he concluded that probably some one else might have taken it out without the small man, who was his father, being cognizant of the fact.

Anyhow, it was impossible now to remain longer. The heat was too great and the smoke too suffocating. So the Chief regretfully made his way rapidly down the stairs, with no little risk and got out onto the street.

He looked around, but did not see any trace of the small man in the crowd. He had disappeared. After the fire had been brought under control, he inquired of some of the people who lived in the house if the small man had been seen, and whether he had found his baby.

"What kind of a man was he?" a woman asked him.
"He was a small man, thin, and had sharp black eyes, a beard, and a hooked nose. He lived on the fourth floor, and went back after he came out to get his baby. He was so excited he looked in the bureau drawer for it, and then got frightened and ran out. I couldn't find the baby anywhere. But somebody may have got it out all right."

"I know that fellow who lived there on the fourth floor. He ain't got no baby. He lived there with another fellow, and was a pig-picker," said the woman.

"Are you talking about Jakey?" inquired a young man who had heard the talk.
"Yes. He ain't got no baby, has he? He got the officer to go in for his baby," said the woman.

"That was a bluff," said the young fellow.
"He went up to get his pocketbook. He just wanted you to go with him because he felt safer. I saw him when he came out, and he said: 'I've got my money anyhow, if the place does burn up.'"

If the Chief could have found the small man who had led him up to the room on such a story about his baby, he would have given him a piece of his mind. He felt pretty badly sold at being put to searching round the room for a bogus baby, while the smart small man got his pocketbook out of the bureau and skipped out without stopping to say "good-by."

If the firemen do make mistakes or get sold in this way, it is because they are trying to do their duty. Only it was a cool thing for the small man to get the officer up to his room with his baby, when he only wanted to get his pocketbook.

Drove Recklessly and Made Faces.
Inspector Steers and Sergeant John Harley, of the Central office, were nearly run down at the Bowery and Houston streets this morning by a milk-wagon driven by James Courtney, of 202 Madison street. When the Inspector, who was in plain clothes, remonstrated, Courtney made faces at him. Sergeant Harley thereupon surprised Courtney by locking him up.

Wallack's Company in Brooklyn.
The last appearance on any stage of Wallack's Theatre Company takes place at Col. Sims's Park Theatre in Brooklyn. To-night and to-morrow night the "Sloop Schooner" will be given. On Saturday afternoon and evening "School for Scandal" will be played.

MAYOR HEWITT ON STRIKE.

He Intimates that the Subway Commissioners Are No Gentlemen.

Open war broke out at the Subway Commissioners' session at the Mayor's office this afternoon. The minutes are ahead of all previous performances of the Board, and Mayor Hewitt announced that he would no longer meet "officials who did not have the instincts of gentlemen."

Commissioners Hess, Gibbons and Moss continued the session after Mayor Hewitt had withdrawn.

The row was brought on by the minutes of the last meeting, in which it was found by the Mayor for not ordering Gen. Newton to remove the telegraph poles and electric wires now overhead.

Mayor Hewitt said that the minutes had been made up of insulting criticisms of his action, while a letter and a communication he presented, showing that there was no appropriation to place the wires underground and to remove the poles had been suppressed.

Mayor Hewitt and Commissioner Gibbons had a war of words across the table, and the Mayor became fairly livid with rage when the young Commissioner declared that he did not believe that the Mayor had stated his real motive for refusing to order the Commissioner of Public Works to bury the wires and remove the poles.

"I object to your criticism," shouted the Mayor.
"You have no right to impute dishonest motives to me."

You have all along attempted to defeat our action in this matter," Mr. Gibbons retorted. "You are constantly finding fault on frivolous grounds and you never lose an opportunity to obstruct us and to cast aspersions upon the members of this Board. You have made mistakes and you are trying to deceive the public."

"I object!" shouted the Mayor, and he appealed to Chairman Hess, then the Mayor and the Mayor will not after decline to attend further meetings of this Board. The Mayor knows no law that will compel him, in the discharge of his duty, to act with officials who have no instructions of gentlemen."

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A WORKING GIRL AT HOME.

DAINTY IDEAS PUT IN OPERATION IN A TENEMENT.

Comfort of Which the Wealthy Can Have No More—Cleanliness and a Knowledge of What to Do to Make Life Happy—The Spirit from Which It Comes—A Young Girl's Talk on Organizations.

GLIMPSE of the home surroundings of one factory girl who works for her daily bread in this big, toiling town would be an astonishing revelation to that half the world which doesn't know how the other half lives, and whose surroundings are of one poverty, hunger and dirt.

The young girl in question has been employed in a factory since her childhood. Her mother worked there before her and still plies her trade in the same place with her daughter. The street where they live is in a somewhat remote quarter. It would never be selected for a promenade—there are too many babies on the block, and on the pavement; but the neighborhood is convenient by reason of its nearness to the factory. You have to take "Excelsior" for your motto (and take a long breath, too,) before you begin to climb the stairs which lead to this girl's home. But when you have scaled the height, knocked and been welcomed into the pretty, cosy apartment, you feel quite compensated for the effort.

As you cross a little "entryway" you spy a small, neat kitchen, with a shiny cook-stove that is bright as an advertisement for stove polish. There is a long shelf over the stove, holding cooking utensils and along the edge of it project a row of brass hooks, on which hang "spick and span" porringery and frying-pans. The oilcloth on the floor is clean and white, and the kitchen is on which stands a pretty glass lamp is as immaculate as soap and sand can make it.

The sitting-room, into which you are ushered, is roomy, well aired and attractive. Somehow it puts you in mind of the "best room" in some dear old country farmhouse. There is a bright carpet on the floor. A horsehair sofa looks shiny and hard, but yields at a touch and makes you so comfortable that you immediately forget how black it is. The chairs appear more inviting, and have a little duff perched here and there on their stiff backs.

There are bouquets of grasses at either end of the mantelpiece, and on the fourth floor, and when the fire is burning in the lamp which had been left burning in the room next to the bedroom, Kalinsky is a tailor and worked for a Broadway wholesale house. His furniture was insured for \$50.

A collision occurred at 7 A. M. to-day on the East River, opposite Catherine street, between the ferryboats Montana and Republic. Both boats were crowded and there was considerable excitement among the passengers.

The Montana was crossing to Roosevelt street, and her captain signalled to the captain of the Republic to slack up and give him the right of way.

The signals must have been misunderstood, for the Republic ran into the Montana, damaging her slightly.

Several of the Montana's passengers were thrown to the deck by the force of the collision and some were faint, but no one was hurt.

TAMMANY HALL will spend \$4,000 in entertaining visiting delegates to the American Political Union. The fire-water spring of the Wigwam will be kept flowing.

The Aldermen have some pet names for Mayor Hewitt. They speak of him as a "crank," "a fine duck," "a Know-Nothing," "the fussy old man" and "our nightmare Mayor."

If there should be a union of the local Democracy this fall there promises to be a magic-lantern hour for a candidate for Mayor who will suit the tastes of the two organizations.

An ex-Congressman seized a whiskey bottle at the Hoffman House and filled his glass to the brim. "Give me a spoon to take that fly out," he said. "Put another in," replied the bartender, "and float him out."

"Are you going to Aldermen Dirver's picnic?" "I'll have to go."

"I am going to run for the Assembly." "Against Mr. Sullivan?"

"Yes, and against me, too."

Commissioner Richard Croker now wears a heavy but short beard. Ex-Mayor Wickham had not seen Mr. Croker since the latter stopped his barber bill.

"Who is the gentleman who was talking to you," asked Mr. Wickham of Edward Kearney. "Dick Croker," replied Kearney.

"Great heaven," exclaimed the ex-Mayor, who, by the way, would not refuse a lucrative office, and he hired a cab to overtake Croker, who he explained his non-recognition.

Attention, Workmen.
The Albany Argus commands Gov. Hill's veto of the bill abolishing the Saturday half holiday, on the ground that the institution in question is beneficial to workmen. The Argus is apparently not aware that the law creating the half-day holiday was passed by the Albany Legislature, and not by the Albany City Council, and that the public office of the State and county, and also the banks, are closed on Saturday, and that the law is not due on Saturday shall not be payable or protestable until Monday. Whatever the merits or demerits of the bill, it is a law of the State, and it is not for the Albany City Council to attempt to repeal it by the Saturday Half-Holiday law. The Albany Argus is a paper of no account, and its editors are a set of scoundrels, and its editors are a set of scoundrels, and its editors are a set of scoundrels.

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